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Back to the Old Farm.

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CHAPTER XVII .-- Continued.

He was walking down a street when he suddenly came upon Tom Bright's small store. Tom had been in business some time. His schoolmate and friend of his childhood stood in the door of his small establishment, and his face was anything than pleasant.

"Fred how are you?" asked Tom in his hearty off-hand way. "You are not looking well Fred. I don't believe the city agrees with

"Tom," cried Fred, se zing his friend's hand, "I wish to heaven we were out of the city."

"So do I." "Is your business not prosper-

"Tom shook his head and an-

swered: "No, Fred; I made a mistake in buying my goods. I did not know what the people wanted, and I've got a whole lot of things which I can't sell. Everybody

says they are out of style." "It's the result of a man engaging in business he don't understand."

"You are right, Fred. Now those fellows down the street have a booming trade all the time, while I scarce sell enough to pay the rent of my building, Fred, I don't believe I have sense enough to be a merchant."

"It's not sense, but experience you lack, Tom." "No; it's sense," hesitated Tom.

"I am fit for nothing but a farm-"Don't deride the calling of a

farmer, Tom. The farmer is the only independent man alive. It requires as much brains to be a farmer as to be a banker. You may go over the country and you will find more intelligence among the farming people than among those in the cities. True they do not read the daily papers, know nothing of fashion, but they read books, they study history, science, and read the best novels. Old Farmer Squires could to day tell more of the history of the country than can the busy banker. The banker has a fine library which he never reads, while Mr. Squires has few books but he absorbs them: he knows all that is in them. Then the brains of the country comes up between the plow handles. Nine-tenths of the Congressmen in our American Congress grew up as farmer boys. Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, Jackson and Garfield were farmer boys. If those men who have risen to the

highest esteem never blushed to be called farmers, need we?" "Guess you are right, Fred. Are you going back to the old farm?"

"Why can't you now?"

"Yes as soon as I can."

"I am tied up in a business mat ter, I am," said Fred.

"So am I, and I've got father tied up also. I tell you, Fred, I am going to bust. I see it coming. They'll close me out and my stock won't pay fifty cents on the dollar. It will pretty nearly bust father. too, for he's my security. Fred, I wish I'd taken your advice and years ago." gone back to the old farm when I first came here. I have learned that you never spoke a plainer, more sacred truth than when you said:

"Its hearts, not hands that are blistered in the city." Fred, Shakespeare never said a wiser thing, and I've read him through. That sentence ought to be put in the books where all can read it, and you ought to add to it, that it is better to blister the hands than the heart."

"Why don't you close out your business, Tom."

"Close out, I can't. I tell you Fred the city is like an enchanted father could made it good." castle, and when once a fellow gets inside there is no getting Mars, Briggs, my father must away from it. It seems to be ruin and death to those who are here." Fred drew little consolation

Briggs laughed and remarked:

pear as cheerful as possible. As he was going away, Tom

as long as you work for your em- advice I took the money, and for you much if you do, Fred. You ployer and keep him in your debt, what purpose." but don't you let the Banks

change color." Fred walked burriedly away, heaving a sigh. He was already in the power of these men, and expected every moment to be crushed. What Tom had said was not

calculated to increase his spirits. turning from a stroll down below once more that Fred felt a guilty

"Hello, my banker friend?"

and the wind and weather had turned his hair from a chestnut to a pale vellow. His face had evidently not known a razor for several weeks.

"Where have you been, Jack?" "Practicing my profession," he answered with a laugh.

"You are a preambulator by profession, are you not?"

"No; a prestidigitator," answered Jack with a sly chuckle. My about." business is to make things disap-"What do you make disappear."

"Oh my friend, it is only an old trick. After a long weary tramp I usually approach the house of some wealthy farmer, and accost the lady; for I prefer a lady to a gentleman, and the more of a lady she is, the more easily can I manage my affairs with her. She brings me two slices of bread. I spread them with butter, place the other, and presto change, they said: are gone."

Jack laughed, and seating him self on some boxes, said:

"Friend have a seat. I am sorry I can't offer you the cushioned chair, such as the bank has; but I can't, and that's the simple reason that I don't.

"Why do you ask me to sit down? Are you not in a hurry? "Oh, no; I have plenty of time. In fact, my friend, I have all the time anybody need want. I have'nt much else but time. Fate in apportioning out the things of this world, gave me plenty of time to make up for what I lack in other world's goods."

"But, Jack, it was not always thus with you!"

"No, no," he added sadly, "five prosperous, business man, with a leaving the bank. men term business, until I-I drawer, he sighed: have become calloused. Now I can laugh at misfortune and make | soon!" a gibe of death, but not so five

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FINAL CRASH.

Three days later the bank clerks were closing up the bank for the day when Fred took Mr. Briggs aside and asked:

"Have you mentioned it yet?" "The five hundred?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Why not?" "Oh, all in good time my friend. Don't worry yourself about so small an amount. Why, if the worst should come, you know your

"Make it good, thunder and never know it."

"Fathers not infrequently have from Tom, though he tried to ap- to learn some things not at all Well, it would only be natural

complimentary of their sons."

"But this disgrace would kill of advice. It's all right, of course of east of it all, tell him on whose were, come to grief. I don't blame

Brothers get their clutches on you. yourself. You would not harm me or to me." Den't put yourself in their power, if you did tell that, but would for if you do they will grind you ruin yourself. I never handled a to death. Why, those fellows are dollar of the money. But, Fred I it answered: so cold-blooded, I believe they tell you it will be all right. Why could thrust a knife between the you certainly know that, dearly as ribs of a fellow man and never I esteeem your friendship I would Now would I, Fred?"

> "I believe not, Briggs." "Of course I would not Now just trust me a little while longer, knows I pity you. wont you, and it will be all right,'

He spoke so earnestly, so feel-"A few days later, as he was re- ingly; so much like his old self the river bank, he came on Jack pang at his heart for ever having am for you. I would rather you bet on the races. Fred, God pity mistrusted him.

He turned about to leave the cried Jack, his eyes sparkling bank, feeling that he had one friend, at least, in this great hust-Jack looked seedier than ever. ling city, when he suddenly turn-His face was brown from the sun, ed about and went back to the such a mockery to him that it ruin and despair stared him in the side of Briggs.

"Briggs, forgive me?" he said.

"I have nothing to forgive." "I almost lost my temper, but I promise you to control it better in if they could only have gazed be- could collect himself enough to the future."

"My dear friend Fred, don't let have got a peep at the aching that worry you for one single moment.' "But, Briggs, there is a matter

"What is it?" asked Briggs,

elevating his eyes in feigned astonishment. "Briggs, you and I were both

deceived in that woman?" "What woman?" "Georgie Dashington."

"How?" "We both thought her a single

woman; she is married." Fred expected his friend to start and look amazed, but he did noth- earnestness of manner, and in a trusted cashier to lead me astray. ing of the sort. He merely star. voice that trembled with emotion, It was he who introduced me to them thusly, laying one hand on ed at him for a moment and then

"Then she must be separated you." from her husband."

"She is." "I thought so, or she would not be keeping company.'

"But they are not divorced." "Then I'll warrant she will apply for a divorce.

"She has done so." "Oh, well, then its all right my dear boy."

"All right!"

"Yes, certainly." "All right for her a married woman to pass herself off as a

single woman." "My dear boy, you don't understand our ways. We don't regard such things as people in the coun-

try do." "Then you don't regard them years ago, my friend, all was dif- with the degree of decency which ferent. I was like you, a happy, you should!' said Fred hurriedly

sweetheart in the country, as you Next day he came upon his once had, but you can see how friend Tom. Tom's face was very affairs have changed. Ah, my long. He had just made a small friend, this heart of mine has sale to a little girl, and as he dropbeen blistered by the false, hol. ped the few pennies he had taken low shams of society and what into his almost empty money

"Well, Fred, its going to come

"What is coming, Tom?"

"The final crash. I have fought it off just about as long as I can, but it will come in spite of me. I am going to be closed out, and my poor old father will go to ruin with me. He indorsed me."

For a long time Fred stood gazing at the companion of his early rival and then said:

"Tom, I am sorry for you."

"Fred," said Tom, "If I thought it was genuine sorrow. I would hear it, but tell me honest, Fred if you don't feel way down, deep in your heart, a little bit glad?"

"Glad! Why, Tom, what do you "I don't know, Fred but we all

seem to have a little of the devil in us. That is why we exult at others misery just a little, even if we don't admit it. We were rivals, Fred, and I have been to see Mollie more of late than you have.

that you would want to see a your agreeing to refund by your young country upstart, who tried work I concluded to save you the him. If you do not tell Mr. Banks to put on city airs and ways, and disgrace. Now five hundred more "Fred, let me give you a peice, will go to him and make a clean who aspired to be as smart as you has been taken. have succeeded and I have failed. "Oh. Fred; don't make a fool of It will prove that you are superi- ed the money of the cashier."

Fred Riley, almost choking, money when the bank makes a seized Tom's hand, and wringing loan.

"Tom, If we only knew all, if we out." would only be honest and let the world see our hearts and know never do anything to harm you. how little there was in us to envy. we would never be envious. I have done nothing of which I am You are on your way to the peniproud, and you, poor fellow, God tentiary, and the sooner you land

> "Well, Fred, I always knew you would tell the truth, but-" "I am telling the truth now Tom, God only knows how sorry I

had succeeded." "Then I would have been as

successful as you?" hind the scene; if they could only | say: accused him of being prosperous or happy. He had had it on his tongue's end to make a full con- have to say.' fession of all to Tom, but, no! pride prevented him, and he re-

solved to keep his secret. "Tom, as God is my judge, I am sorry for you, and my poor suc- city like this. I come to you becess is nothing to be envied," he

Tom was amazed at his friend's to win favor and allowed your

"I believe you, Fred; I believe

Fred went away. That day he sat down and wrote a long letter in which he confessed everything. He did not want to tell of the first shortage nor of his escapade with Georgie Dashington, nor of the five hundred dollars he had taken. This letter was not to his father nor mother, but to Mollie Squires. After having confessed his folly and declared himself tired of city life and having told Mollie how he still loved her more dearly than all earthly mortals, he informed her that after he had served out his term of penal servitude, he would go home and mar-

"He felt better after the letter

was mailed. A week went by. One morning Briggs was missing. Mr. Banks told Fred to come to his private office, and when he was in he clos-

ed the door. "Fred you have robbed me. There is five hundred dollars missing and I have reason to believe you took it."

"My God, Mr. Banks, didn't

Briggs explain." "No, Briggs has quit my employ and there can be no doubt that you took the last five hundred to bet on the races. The bank must not suffer, the law must be inforced. Sit down I have sent

for an officer." "Mr. Banks; Mr. Banks, you certainly do not mean it?"

"I do," cried the banker, I can not submit to wholesale robbery.' "Let me explain."

"Did you take the money?," "Yes." "Then there is no need to ex-

plain? "But he can tell you." "Who?"

"Briggs."

"Briggs is a thief himself. I have long believed you a pair of knaves working to ruin the bank. Whatever happens the bank must not suffer, principles of business demand that it should not. First you are short fifteen hundred do!-

"Yes, and go to jail, too." "But, Mr. Banks, I only borrow-

"I will refund that."

"I will repay it; I will work it

"I am the only one to lend the

"Oh no! I should not have a dollar left in the bank by the end of your term,' cried the banker. "It's got to come sooner or later. there the better. Your associations have been with gamblers and fast women. You have been seen with Mrs. Dashington in public. You have been known to your parents, but you have

prought this on them.' Fred was overwhelmed and Fred Riley laughed a little sar- bowing his head in his hands, he castic laugh. His success was trembled from head to foot. Only seemed to almost drive him to face. All the banker had said desperation. People seemed to was true, too true, and yet Fred think that he was happy; they had never intended to do wrong. thought him prosperous; but ah, It was many minutes before he

"You have told the truth hearts and seen him on some of but you have not told all. I am in those restless nights where he your hands, do with me as you tossed sleeplessly on his bed, not will, and send my parents in disof which I must speak with you closing his eyes until peep of grace to the grave, but I beg of dawn, they would never again have you to listen to me for a single moment.'

"Go on and I will hear what you

"I came here only a short while ago a country boy ignorant of the ways of the world and little dreaming of the wickedness of a great lieving you and your employees were all honest. I was ambitious Mrs. Georgie Dashington as a single lady; it was he who induced me to take five hundred dollars to bet on the Louisville races in the hope of winning fifteen hundred and refunding the money I was wrongfully accused of taking. Did you know how long I resisted the temptation before I finally yielded you would think diffierently of me. But Briggs claimed to have a straight tip. He knew the horse would win and induced me to put up the money. I regretted it the moment it was done, but he assured me it was not a crimnal act and that it would all be made right

with you.' "Had you been honest and sensible, you would have rejected at once. You would not have yield-

ed to temptation." "Nor would I have yielded to any other than your trusted cashier. It was a courtesy to yourself that I believed him. A man whom you trusted with hundreds of thousands was certainly worthy of

Mr. Banks became restless and uneasy under Fred's explanation. He rose at last and said: "Well, well, the bank must not

suffer, it makes no difference who else may suffer.' Fred made no response. The banker was still pacing the room

when there came a slight tap at the door.

my confidence.'

"Come in." The door opened and a policeman stood before them.

"There is your man," said Banks

pointing to Fred. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

He said: "My love I am sorry to disappoint you about the picnic, but my trotter has a lame foot." That's nothing! We've got plenty of Salvation Oil.

The Detroit Free Press fiend has been punning on Dr. Bull's of sunshine and happiness by the Cough Syrup. His is only grati- loss of some dear child, when Dr. tude, for all thinking men know Bull's Cough Syrup would have its merits.-(Exch.)

The combination of ingredients found in Ayer's Pills renders them tonic and curative as well as ready to infect the debilitated syscathartic. For this reason they are tem. To impart that strength and the best medicine for people of vigor necessary to resist the effect costive habit, as they restore the of these permitions atoms, no tonic lars; then I had my suspicions natural action of the bowels with- blood-purifier equal; Ayer's Sararoused against you, too. But on out debilitating.

A MILLION A YEAR.

Lottery and Prize Schemes Used

to Sell Alum and Ammonia Baking Powders.

A New York concern, manufacturers of an ammonia baking powder boasts that its yearly profits are over a million dollars. While, perhaps, none of the makers of alum powders individually can show so large earnings yet their profits are enormous.

A business so profitable, will always attract to itself those whose greed will cause them to utterly disregard the effect their traffic may have upon the health or life of others.

Alum baking powders are igtroduced largely by gifts, prizes and lottery schemes. A piece of glassware or china, a child's wagon, sled, a pewter spoon or some other article of attractive appearance, but of small intrinsic value or cost is given with each purchase or a number is attached to the can which entitles the customer to a similarly numbered article or to a prize of some kind. It is in some such way as this that the trade in alum and ammonia baking powders, which has now attained such giant proportions and their consumption by the public which has reached an extent which is truly

alarming. The highest authorities of all countries condemn the use of alum in bread without reserve. In America the most distinguished physicians, chemists and hygeneists have declared that the traffic in alum baking powders should be suppressed by law. In England and France where the subject of pure food, and its effect upon the system, has been more fully considered and made the subject of extended experiments by the scientists, so serious a matter is the use of alum in bread or other food considered to be, that most stringent laws have been enacted to prevent it. These laws are rig. idly enforced, and the sale of alum baking powders would not be permitted for an hour. Any one who attempted to make them for use in food, biscuit or cake would suffer

severe penalties. The ill effects upon the system of food raised by alum baking powders are the more dangerous because of their insidious character. It would be less dangerous to the community were it fatal at once, for then such food would be avoided; but their deleterious action because imperceptible at firs

is no less certain. The puckering effect which alum has when taken in the mouth is familiar to everyone. Physicians say this same effect is produced by it upon the delicate coats of the stomach and intestines.

What house wife would take home to her family a can of alum or ammonia baking powder if she knew it. Such powders not only undermine the system, but it is pointed out that ammonia taken into the system in even infinetisimal doses day after day, imparts to the complexion a sallow and blotched appearance.

It is safe to discard all baking powders sold with a prize or gift. What a misnomer are the words 'Absolutely Pure," as applied to baking powders. Two of the largest selling brands, one made from alum, the other containing ammonia and both of these drugged baking powders have stamped upon their labels and circulars these words absolutely pure, as a matter of fact they are 'Absolutely Poor,' as shown by official examinations.

"Come to my arms," he said. 'Can't" says she, "I've rheumatis." "Get Salvation Oil." She went immediately and bought a bottle. 25

Many a home has been robbed saved it.

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease,